Do you trust me?

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Do you trust me?

by Hisvoicebrokemyheart

Summary

LeChiffre wished he could say this was the first time he was accused of cheating. His night might have been a whole lot worse if not for the pretty little thing at the bar.

Notes

Whumptober Day 4: Take Hostage / Do you trust me?

I’ve come across a few fics with this pairing and instantly fell in love so I had to try them out myself 🤍 — no beta, all mistakes are my own

LeChiffre wished he could say this was the first time he was accused of cheating.

He posted up at his usual high stakes table at an earlier hour than he typically liked. His regular competitors were out of town, and he should have known better than to enter into a round with unknown variables.

As soon as the rest of the players were seated and the hands were dealt he knew the dealer was on his side. He watched as she gave the slightest side eye to the man directly beside her. The clientele seated for the game were nowhere near the usual caliber. They were rough around the edges and abrasive on the ears. For every crisp pleat in Jean's suit there was a wrinkle and a wretched cough of cheap, chemical-filled cigarette smoke. Yet that was all that could be said, as they bought in at the standard price.

The cocktail waitress came around as the first round folded, the man immediately to LeChiffre's right collecting the winnings. His hand could have easily outdone their's, but he preferred to come from behind. It was better to have gained the knowledge of what he was up against.

When the woman came to him she gave him a warm greeting. He recognized her from nights passed.

"Good evening LeChiffre. Can I get you anything?"

He took a brief moment to think it over before addressing both her and the others at the table, dealer included.

"I think I'll get my own tonight, if you are all amenable to that of course."

His speech was slow, measured. The request was well received by the dealer, in no rush to move the game along so early in the night, and the others merely waved him off. The waitress nodded, taking the remaining orders up to the bar as LeChiffre followed.

When he took a seat at the bar the conversation happening at the other end floated over to him.

"--much too loud on the main floor. Even all the voices would be enough, add in the sounds from all the machines and I can barely think straight."

LeChiffre looked over to the man speaking with the bartender and could barely look away once he did. The man seated in the corner was baby-faced, not looking much older than twenty-five. His hair must have started out as neatly combed curls, but now resembled the start of an anxiety ridden bird nest. Almost as if on cue the man raised a hand to run it over the top of his head, stopping at the back to give it a quick tug.

He was dressed beyond his years, but smart nonetheless. His clothing was gentle, a navy sweater vest over a white shirt and pressed navy linen pants.

LeChiffre found himself moving to meet the man at his seat, stealing his attention away from the bartender. He watched as the man looked him up and down, eyes jumping from point to point. He stopped on LeChiffre's lips for a brief moment before darting up to his eyes. LeChiffre barely had the chance to hold his gaze before he looked away as if he'd never looked in the first place.

The bartender had an expectant look on their face when LeChiffre turned to them.

"A Tom Collins, please, and whatever he'd like as well."

The man let out a small sound of surprise at being included.

"Just a club soda, thank you."

LeChiffre finally had his full attention, and caught a glimpse of shining blue eyes.

"I'm sure you intended for me to order an alcoholic beverage. I'm sorry, I don't very much like them."

"If that is what you wanted, then I am happy all the same," LeChiffre spoke with a small smile and stuck out his hand. "Jean."

After a short moment of hesitation he was rewarded with a name and the light touch of a hand in his.

"Adam Raki."

Their glasses were placed in front of them, each on a small napkin. Before he took a sip he offered it to Adam.

"Would you like to try this one?"

"No, I don't think so. Like I said—"

"I think you'll like it. I'll even give you the first sip."

Adam sat silent for a moment. Jean could nearly see the wheels turning in his head as he considered it.

"Well since you bought mine for me, I suppose I can humor you."

Jean held the glass out to him and watched Adam take it in his hand. Their fingers brushed on the pass and he was delighted to see color bloom high on Adam's cheeks.

Adam took a small sip from the straw and his eyes widened as if he'd discovered some sort of secret. Questions bloomed behind his eyes and he fidgeted in his seat, unable to decide what he might ask first.

Rising from his seat, Jean gently took the glass back. He leaned into Adam so he could whisper in his ear.

“I’m not one for alcohol either. The bartenders always serve my drinks virgin.”

He straightened up and caught Adam’s gaze once more. The younger man’s mouth had dropped open in a slight state of shock at what he learned. Jean winked at him and went to walk back to the card table.

He looked back over his shoulder and saw that Adam was watching him go.

“Wouldn’t want to ruin the game.”

When he returned to his seat the table was even more raucous than when he’d left. Each of his opponents had two empty shot glasses in front of them, and when the waitress collected them she replaced them with martinis.

LeChiffre closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he listened to the cards being shuffled and dealt. The time for playful follies was over. He wanted this game finished sooner rather than later. There was never the expectation of the dealer stacking the deck or counting cards. LeChiffre was fully confident that these men would overplay their hands. After all, it pays to have a good poker face.

Then men were still too hesitant to make big, bold moves. They raised their bets in increments of ten and twenty thousand.

He should have let the game run its course. If he was polite it could have gone for at least another hour with the way they’d paced it. After receiving his cards from the dealer he knew he would have the chance to end this trivial mess.

He had an ace and a king in the hole, and things were looking up when the first three cards revealed by the dealer included two more kings. Raising the bet by fifty grand was enough to get the other men to start sweating. Two bought in while the others folded beside him.

When an ace was revealed in the final turn, he pushed them yet again. Another fifty grand. The bet got one more to fold, while the final competitor stayed in to match his bet. LeChiffre was surprised to see that the man decided to raise it an additional ten thousand and met the match easily.

The dealer called for the players to reveal their cards. A nod was tipped to LeChiffre to lead off. He showed his hand, a full house — three kings and two aces. if the table could be flipped, he thinks the man would have done it. He stood, throwing his cards into the middle of the table.

LeChiffre didn’t even get to see his final hand before he was staring down the barrel of a high caliber revolver.

“There’s no way in hell I’m walking away from this empty handed.”

He was nearly belligerent, but LeChiffre didn’t count him as any less of a threat for it. He was arguably more dangerous in the state he was in, unpredictable.

“Certainly, we must be able to come to some sort of understanding.”

His face spelled out the desire for a civil outcome. He raised a hand to the dealer who had frozen halfway out of her seat. Her finger itched towards the silent alarm he knew was hidden under the table. She aborted the attempt after a brief look from LeChiffre convinced her not to escalate the situation.

Of course he had guards planted around the room, one at each of the surrounding tables. They all played on his dollar in exchange for keeping him safe. None of them had given away their position, waiting to see what their boss had in store for the man.

“Collect your winnings and pay me what I’m fucking owed. The dealer tipped you off.”

He circled LeChiffre coming behind him to press the gun into the center of his spine. It was always the people that were out of their depth that never realized it until it was too late. LeChiffre lifted his hands in a placating motion, both trying to calm the man down and call off his men at the same time. There was no reason to blow it out of proportion. The amount of money they were dealing with was child’s play to him. It wouldn’t be missed.

They walked forward together, the man’s associates flanking them on either side.

“You’ll let me pay my tab won’t you? I’m sure you understand from the situation we’ve found ourselves in. I’m not in the business of owing anyone, even the casino.”

The request seemed to stop the man in his tracks, LeChiffre getting a few feet of space between him and the gun before he turned around.

“Just go,” the man barked out.

Jean breathed a sigh of relief when he realized the man stayed back on the floor. There was a lot of trust there for someone that seemed so desperate to get his money back.

When he got to the bar he was happy to see that Adam hadn’t left while they were playing. He propped up one knee on top of an empty barstool, and left one seat between them. He kept his gaze focused straight ahead and gestured to the bartender as he tried to get his attention.

“Adam, don’t look at me, look at the bar. Do you hear me?”

The bartender knew the drill, they came over and stood in front of Jean and nodded periodically to fill the time. If the men stayed where they were, there was no way they could hear the true conversation taking place.

“Yes, Jean. I hear you.”

“I need your help. The men from my table want their money back. What I will not stand for is the threat against me, the money is no issue.”

He pulled three crisp hundred dollar bills from his billfold to leave for the bartender’s cooperation.

“*Do you trust me?*”

The question hung in the air. He wished he could see the look on Adam's face as he thought it over. Jean was taking a risk relying on a stranger. Permission wasn't needed for what he wanted to accomplish, but putting this precious thing through unnecessary stress just seemed cruel.

Jean knew he was running out of time. The minimal background noise grew in volume as the men became impatient with his dalliance. The thunderous absurdity of the leader's voice grew closer.

Just as he thought he'd run out of time, Adam gave him an answer.

"Yes."

Adam barely got half of the affirmation out before Jean jumped into action. He closed the distance between them in a flash, sweeping himself behind Adam to throw an arm around his neck and wrench him out of his seat.

"*Jean!* What--"

Jean quieted him with a soothing sound against the side of his head.

The change of pace appeared to startle the men, handgun hanging limp at their leader's side.

Jean pushed Adam forward, pressing his chest against his back. He jerked Adam a bit and was rewarded with the most delicious sound betraying his struggle.

"Now gentlemen," LeChiffre looked at them with a sickening smirk. "Surely we don't need any collateral damage added to this mess."

The leader looked askance. LeChiffre could tell that they never expected something like that to happen. They were completely disarmed by the new variable of an innocent party, even if their accusations held no water. He'd taken control of their predicament with ease.

"Laurent," he called one of his guards forward as he moved behind the bar with Adam, intending to leave through the service access. "Why don't you take these men and give them what they're owed."

He didn't care how the guards read his order. When he needed something taken care of, they got it done.

Once the door from the bar into the back room closed behind them Jean dropped the arm from its tight grip around Adam's neck. Adam put a significant amount of space between them, backing himself up against the far wall before sliding down to crouch against it. He wrapped his arms around his knees and looked up at Jean, taking deep and measured calming breaths.

Jean could see he was overstimulated and was glad he made the decision to get his consent, even if he didn't know what he was consenting to at the time. Without it he likely would have been inconsolable.

“I’m sorry.” Jean approached him slowly, watching for any worsening of Adam’s shock. “I hope I didn’t hurt you. Your cooperation has helped me a great deal.”

He knelt down before Adam and fought against the urge to touch.

“Your men are going to kill those people.”

“They may.” He didn’t want to lie to him.

“You scare me. You didn’t have to buy me a drink but you did, and you didn’t trick me into trying something I wouldn’t like -- but those men wanted to hurt you.”

Each observation that Adam made struck as if it were another piece of a puzzle being put together. Jean was fully enraptured by the way that he worked and in the short amount of time they shared, knew he had to have him.

He reached forward to pull one of Adam’s hands from the tight grip he had on his legs. He lifted it up to press his lips against the knuckles, both a kiss and a promise.

“Darling, with me? There’s nothing to be afraid of.”

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